AN EPITAPHE VPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOrable, M. Robert Bowes Esquire, Thesaurer of Barwick:

who ended this life, the sixteenth of NOVEMBER, 1597. Being at that present Ambassadour for the Queenes Majestie, to the King of SCOTLAND.

Vilde vp, O Englandl Statues, Arches BOWES,
And Tombes, and Pillers, to his liuing fame,
Who was the wisdome of the valiant BOWES,
And solide honour, of that ancient name.
And you white Swannes, of Thames, and Tweide, proclame
Your grieuous losses, and his high desert,
Who both his courses, and his cares did frame,
All dangers from your bankes aye to divert.
He loud his Queene, and crowne, with vpright heart:
Postponing private wealth, to publicke weale:
He all his thoughts, and counsels did convert:
To peace For CHVRCH, & for the STATE with zeale.
And now at last, hath pearst the heauens a-laft,
Whose bodie was the BOWE, and Soule the SHAFT.

THe Raine-Bowes now of peace, are cloudes vn-cleare:
And Concordes mouth, now speachlesse lyes alace,
Yea Englands MERCVRE, passing MERCVRES sphære,
By grace hath gone, to the EMPERIALL place.
Where neither bounds, nor limits, endes, nor space,
Nor was, nor shall, nor time to come, or past:
But all in presence are, before his face:
Who was the MAKER first, and MOVER last.
Why then should I, such projects seeme to cast?
To make him famous, who is elles divine.
(Whose soule with heauenly MANNA is repast,
To whom the Lord, doth lasting crownes propine.)
Or yet him offer? which he doth not craue,
In making TEARES his TOMBE, & GRIEFS his GRAVE.

ABIIT NON OBIIT.

By M. *WILLIAM FOWLER* Secretarie to the Queenes Majestie of SCOTLAND.

Printed by ROBERT VVALDE-GRAVE.